



No. 115

Ten Cents

SEPT.
1946

A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATION IND.

Detective COMICS

AN UNUSUAL
ACTION-PACKED
BATMAN
and ROBIN
ADVENTURE:
**"The MAN
WHO LIVED
IN A
GLASS HOUSE"**



"Here's one for the book!"



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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -



PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS
HOUSES CAN THROW STONES

WHENEVER THEY FEEL LIKE IT—PROVIDING THEY
.KEEP BATMAN AND ROBIN HANDY TO SETTLE WHAT-
EVER LITTLE DIFFICULTIES MAY ARISE. FOR WHEN THE
DYNAMIC DUO BECOMES INVOLVED IN TROUBLES CONNECTED
WITH AN ARCHITECT'S DESIGN FOR TRANSPARENT LIVING, IT TAKES
THEM NO TIME AT ALL TO SEE THROUGH A RUTHLESS VILLAIN'S
PLOT FOR VICTIMIZING—

"The Man Who Lived in a Glass House!"

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 115, Sept., 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address

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Printed in U.S.A.

DETECTIVE COMICS

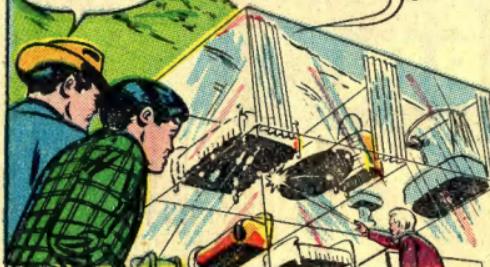
BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, VIEW A MODEL OF A STARTLING, NEW GLASS HOUSE...

THIS IS IT,
DICK... BUT
WHAT'S HE
DOING?

THROWING
STONES!

AREN'T YOU
AFRAID OF
BREAKING
IT?

NO! I'M RAY ARLISS,
DESIGNER OF THIS HOUSE!
I THROW ROCKS TO PROVE
IT'S SHATTERPROOF!



IT'S A SPECIAL, STRONG
GLASS! I INVITE
VISITORS TO TRY
AND BREAK IT.



THE VISITORS HURL THEIR ROCKS WITH
ENTHUSIASM—BUT NOT AT THE HOUSE!

QUICK—
INTO THE
HOUSE!

WE DON'T
TRUST
GLASS
HOUSES!
LET'S GO,
BRUCE!



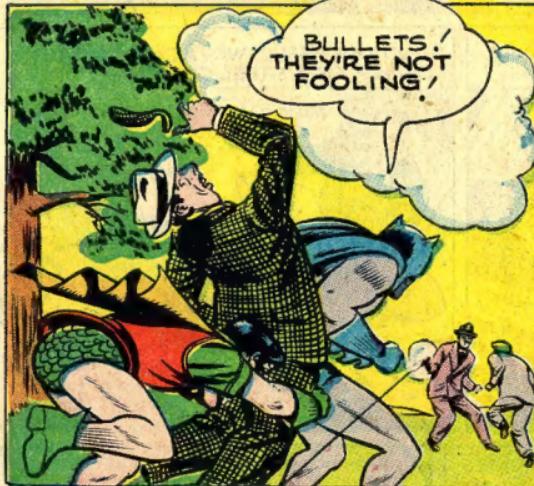
HAW. HAW!
LOOKIT 'EM
SCATTER!

LET ARLISS THINK
WE BEAT IT! WE
NEED PRIVACY
FOR A QUICK
CHANGE OF
COSTUME.'



OH, OH— THEY'RE
TOSSING HAND
GRENADES!

GRAB
THEM!



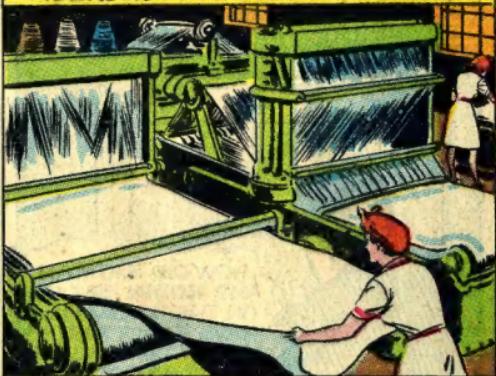




"I HAD PLATES, BLOCKS AND SHEETS OF TOUGH, PLASTIC GLASS MADE ACCORDING TO SECRET FORMULAS..."



"I HAD FABRICS WOVEN FROM GLASS FIBERS..."



"I HAD FURNITURE AND ORNAMENTS MADE OF GLASS..."



"I EVEN HAD A VAULT DESIGNED OF DIAMOND-HARD GLASS, FOR STORING VALUABLES!"



AND THIS
IS THE
FINISHED
PRODUCT!



MEANWHILE, IN HIS WINDOWLESS STEEL HOUSE, BASIL GRIMES WATCHES THEM THROUGH TELEVISION PANELS...



I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, TINY—AND IF YOU MISS THIS TIME, I'LL TELL THE COPS ABOUT THAT OLD STICKUP CHARGE!



AND PRESENTLY—MORE STONE-THROWING."

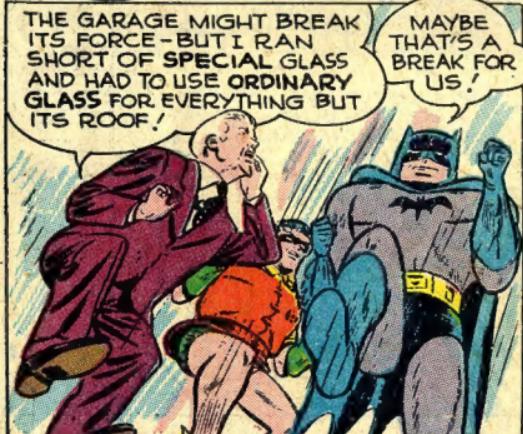


A STORM IS GATHERING—BUT THE CRASH THAT STARTLES THOSE WITHIN THE GLASS HOUSE DOES NOT COME FROM THE CLOUDS.

BOOM!

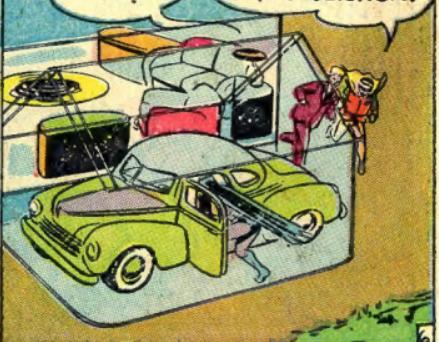


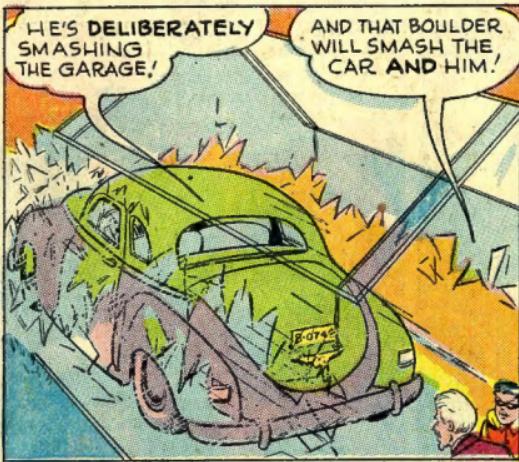
THE GARAGE MIGHT BREAK ITS FORCE—BUT I RAN SHORT OF SPECIAL GLASS AND HAD TO USE ORDINARY GLASS FOR EVERYTHING BUT ITS ROOF!



IS HE GOING TO RUN OFF AND LEAVE US?

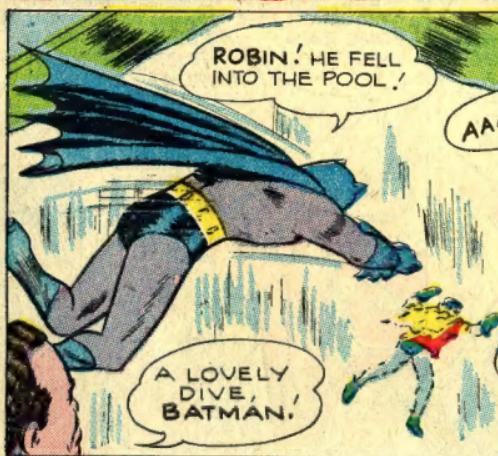
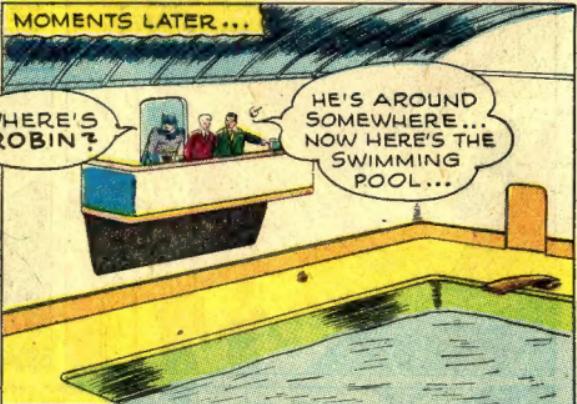
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN HIS MIND, BUT IT ISN'T DESERTION!

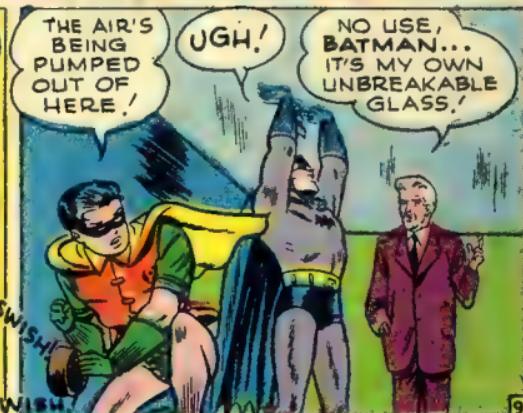
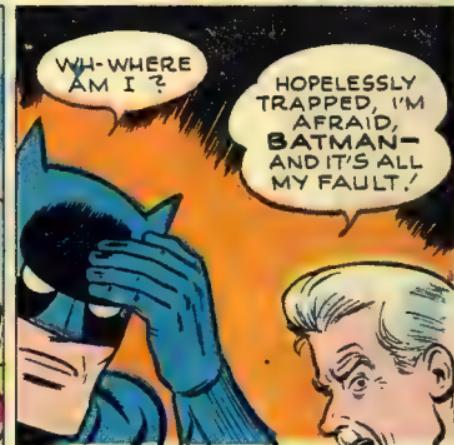
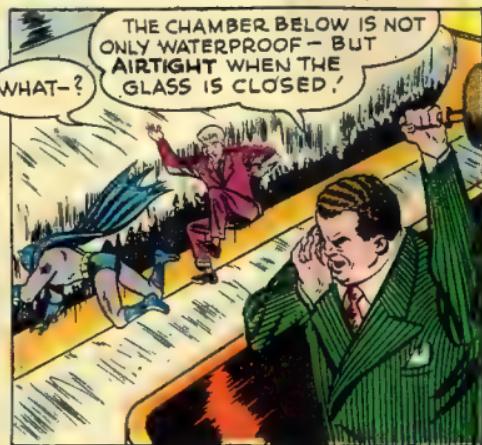


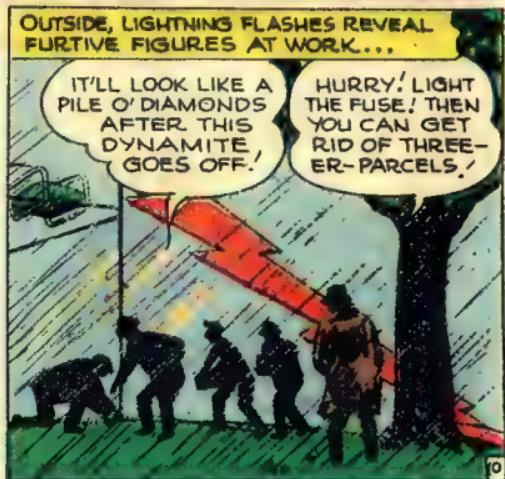
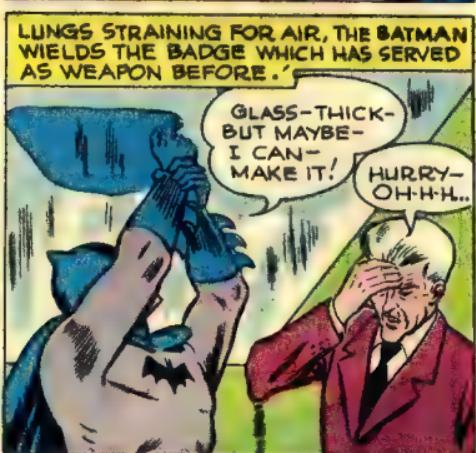
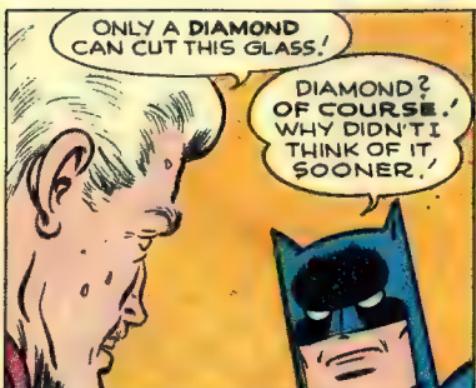
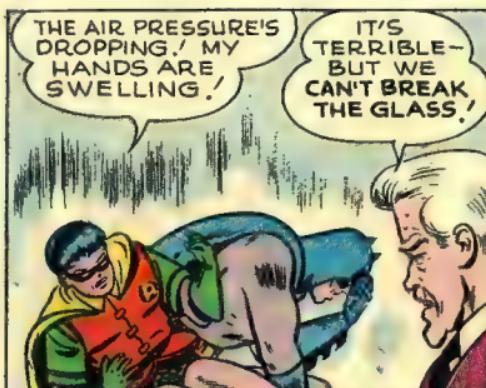


THE HOUSE OF GLASS IS SPARED—BUT NOT SO THE HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO ORDERED ITS DESTRUCTION.

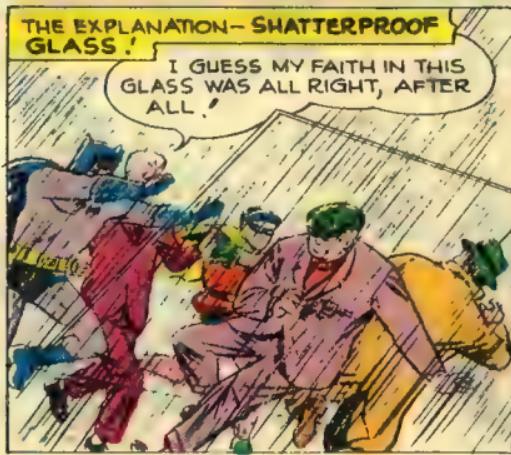
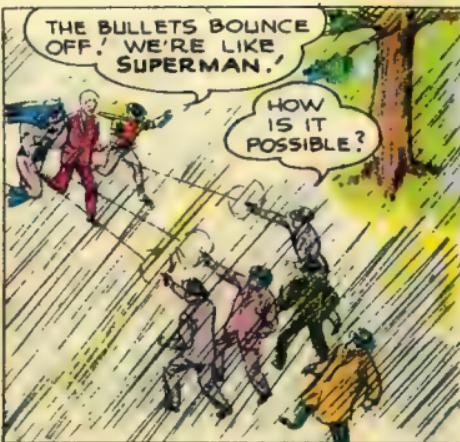








DETECTIVE COMICS



AND NOW FATE TAKES A HAND! LIGHTNING STRIKES AND...



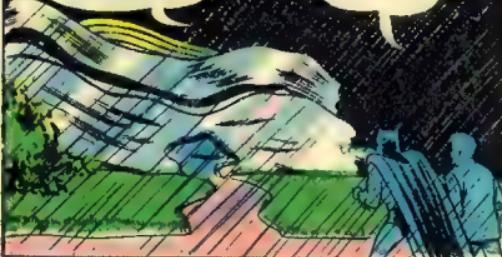
DAZZLING LIGHT BLINDS THE DYNAMIC DUO FOR SECONDS...



AND THEN THE GLARE FADES...

LIGHTNING STRUCK BOTH HOUSES—
BUT GLASS IS THE PERFECT INSULATOR!

THE STEEL HOUSE
COULDN'T TAKE IT! I GUESS THAT PROVES SOMETHING!



LATER...

THIS IS IT—ALL LIT UP LIKE A SHOW WINDOW!
THERE'S BATMAN AND ROBIN!

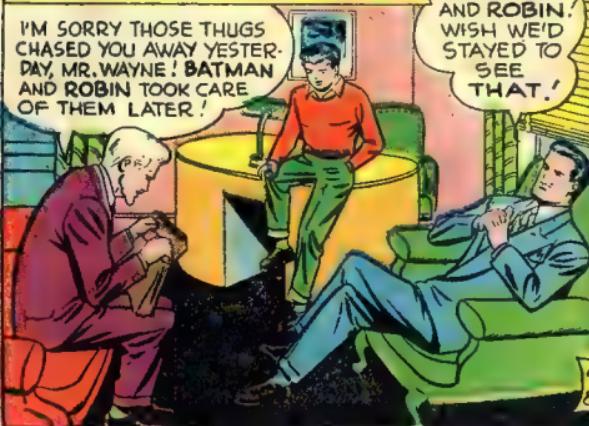
AND THE GOODS THEY'RE DISPLAYING IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO FURNISH THOSE EMPTY CELLS AT STATE PRISON!



NEXT DAY, AT THE WAYNE HOME...

I'M SORRY THOSE THUGS CHASED YOU AWAY YESTERDAY, MR. WAYNE! BATMAN AND ROBIN TOOK CARE OF THEM LATER!

BATMAN AND ROBIN.
WISH WE'D STAYED TO SEE THAT!



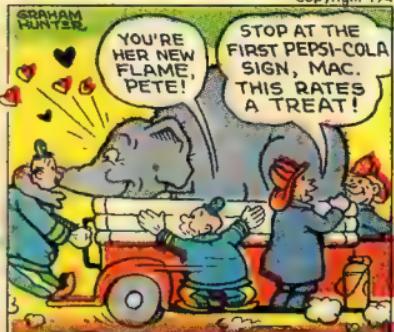
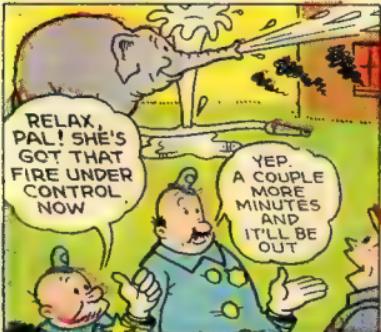
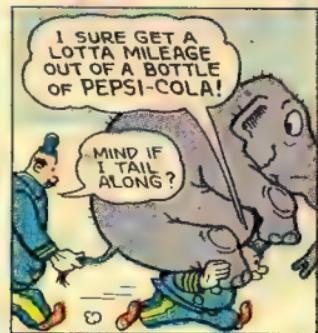
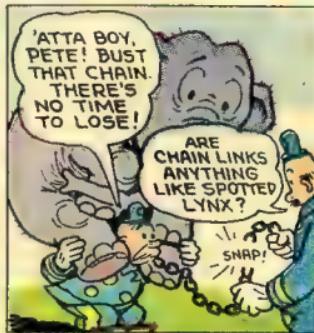
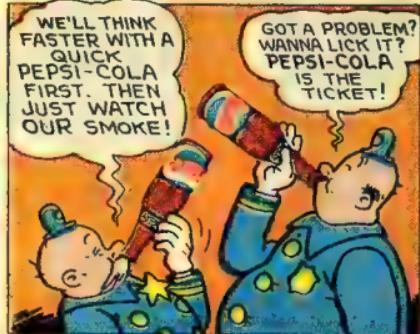
BATMAN SAID TO TELL YOU HE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED SHATTERPROOF GLASS FOR HOUSES!

HE DID? THEN I'LL SIGN UP NOW TO BACK YOUR DREAM HOUSE TO THE LIMIT, ARLISS!



"PEPSI"

The PEPSI-COLA COP



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

Johnny MIZE

AFTER 3 YEARS OF NAVY--BIG JAWN THE GIANT IS SAILING INTO NATIONAL LEAGUE PITCHING

ONE OF BASEBALL'S
MOST FAMOUS
SLUGGERS, MIZE HAS

A BIG LEAGUE
AVERAGE OF .331.
HE HIT 43 HOME
RUNS IN 1940 TO TIE
THE LEAGUE RECORD
FOR LEFT-HANDED
HITTERS

MIZE
IS BACK

THAT'S
NOTHING.
YOU SHOULD
SEE HIM REACH
FOR HIS
WHEATIES

I LIKE
'EM HANDY

"I LIKE TO KEEP WHEATIES IN A
HANDY SPOT IN THE KITCHEN," SAYS
JOHNNY MIZE. "I'VE FOUND THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES MAKE MIGHTY
FINE EATING ANY TIME. LIKE MOST
BALL PLAYERS I KNOW, I EAT WHEATIES
AT BREAKFAST--BUT I LIKE 'EM BE-
TWEEN MEALS AND BEFORE
BEDTIME, TOO. I HOPE
YOU'RE GETTING THIS
EXTRA FUN FROM
WHEATIES YOURSELF."

USE COUPON ON
YOUR WHEATIES
PACKAGE

BIG JAWN'S
OUTSTANDING RECORD
IS HITTING 3 HOMERS
PER GAME IN 4
GAMES. FIRST
BASEMAN MIZE
IS A CHAMPION
FIELDER, TOO
- ONCE PLAYED
61 GAMES
WITHOUT AN
ERROR



"I'VE SEEN GOOD COACHING TURN A FAIR ATHLETE
INTO A REAL CHAMPION," JOHNNY MIZE WILL TELL YOU.
"AND I'M BETTING GOOD COACHING CAN DO PLENTY
TO HELP YOU. THAT'S WHY I HOPE YOU GET WHEATIES
NEW BASEBALL BOOKS. THERE IS ONE ON 'THE OFFENSIVE
GAME' (I'M IN THAT BOOK) AND ONE ON 'THE DEFENSIVE GAME'.
I THINK THEY'LL DO A BANG-UP JOB OF IMPROVING YOUR
GAME. BETTER CHECK ME UP ON THAT RIGHT-AWAY."



AIR WAVE

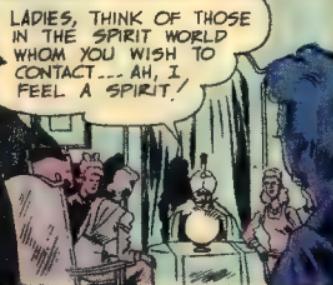


JOE HARRIS

VHEN CRIMINAL HARPIES WITHOUT CONSCIENCE PREY UPON EMOTIONS OF BEREAVED PARENTS, THAT WIZARD OF WIRELESS, AIR WAVE, SWIFTLY STEPS IN WITH STATIC, THE PROVERB-MANGLING PARROT, TO PROVE THAT EVEN THE MEANEST OF RACKETS CAN BE TURNED TO GOOD ACCOUNT IF ...

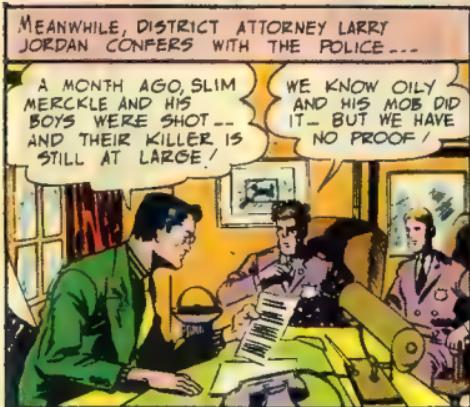
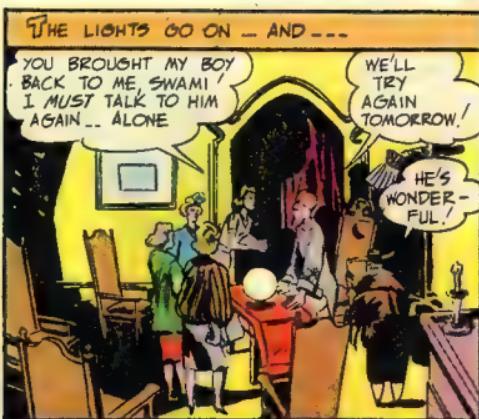
'DEAD MEN CAN TELL TALES!'

AS A TENSE AUDIENCE WATCHES,
SWAMI ABUL CONDUCTS
A SEANCE



MOTHER!
I'M SO
LONELY...





DETECTIVE COMICS

USING HIS ENERGIZED SKATES, AIR WAVE
STREAKS OVER THE CITY ...

THE VAN PELT HOME
--- I'LL TUNE IN ON
SOMETHING METALLIC
INSIDE!



I WON'T FAIL
YOU, JEFF -
; SOBS - NOT
WHILE I CAN
RAISE A
DOLLAR!

BUT JEFF
DIED ON
SAIPAN!

LATER - MRS. VAN PELT VISITS A MYSTIC
CHAMBER WE HAVE SEEN BEFORE ---

IM SO LONELY,
MOTHER!
YOU WILL
COME
BACK--

OH, YES,
JEFF, I'LL
COME BACK!
I'LL MANAGE
IT SOMEHOW!

WHILE OUTSIDE ..

I GET IT
NOW! THE
LOWEST RACKET
EVER DEVISED!
PREYING ON
THE MOTHER
OF A DEAD
WAR HERO!



BUT A THOUSAND
DOLLARS A
VISIT, SWAMI!
I HAVE SO
LITTLE
LEFT!

MY DEAR
WOMAN, MY
TIME IS
VALUABLE!

THAT SMOOTH
VOICE! THE
SWINDLING
SWAMI IS
OILY!

OILY TO BED
WOULD KEEP
HIM HEALTHY -
IF HE WERE
WISE!

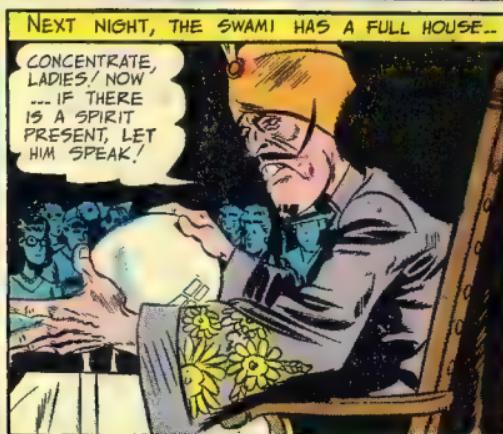


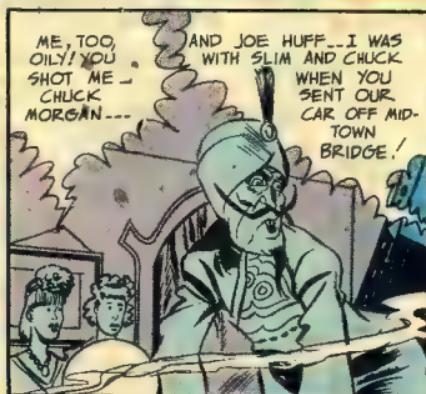
AFTER
THE
SEANCE...

AND THEY
CAN'T
TOUCH
US!
HO-HO!

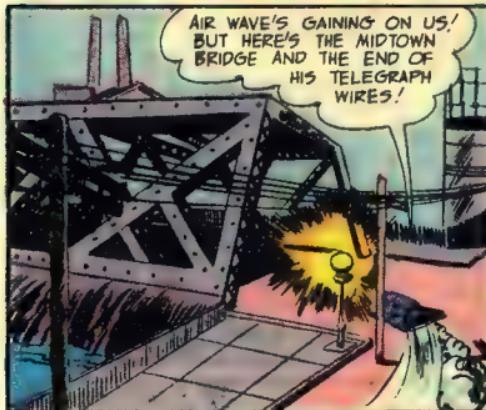
LOOK AT THAT ROLL!
THIS IS A SWELL
RACKET!







DETECTIVE COMICS



GOLLYGOSH! FUNNY PAPER PEOPLE ON BUTTONS!

GEE-SUPERMAN,
ANDY GUMP! WOW!
DO THEY COST
VERY MUCH?

NO, I GOT
THEM AS
PRIZES!



GET GRAND PRIZE BUTTONS WITH
Kellogg's PEP!

ONE IN EVERY
PACKAGE—
18 Buttons
in All!

OLIVE OYL
DAGWOOD
SUPERMAN
BLONDIE
RIP WINKLE
DON WINSLOW

POPEYE
UNCLE WILLIE
ANDY GUMP
JUNIOR TRACY
EMMY
LORD PLUSHBOTTOM

MAGGIE
JIGGS
HANS
FRITZ
LITTLE KING
POP JENKS

Collect 'em—swap 'em—wear 'em! One of these shining, all-metal buttons ready to pin on is a prize in every package of Kellogg's PEP. Ask mom to get you Kellogg's PEP today!

Tune in daily, Monday through Friday, for the thrilling adventures of Superman. Your local paper tells time and station.

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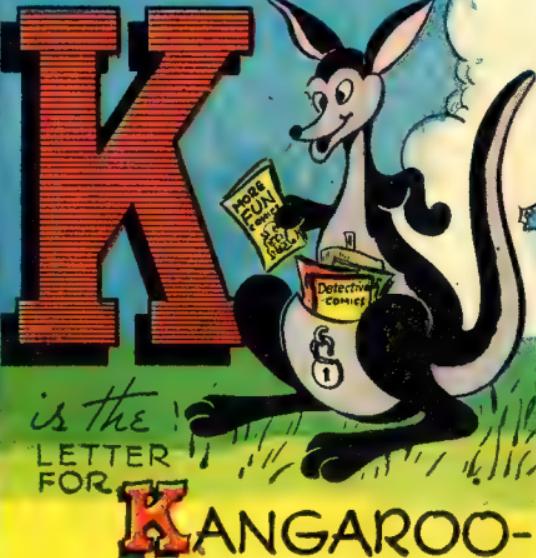
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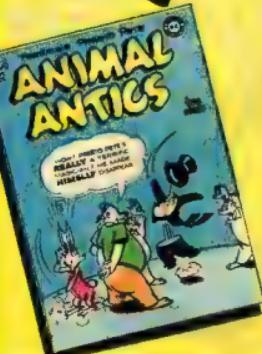
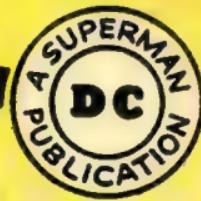


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REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



JUST SEE WHAT HE HAS
IN HIS POCKET!
A BUNDLE OF BOOKS
WITH THIS SYMBOL
OF WORTH—
GET YOUR SHARE BEFORE
HE CAN LOCK IT!



— ON THE COVER OF
ANIMAL ANTICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!



SLAM BRADLEY

THOSE BIG CITY CROOK-HUNTERS, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, GET THE LAST LAUGH ON A GANG OF THIEVES WHO MAKE A JOKE OF LAW AND ORDER—AND INTRODUCE A NEW KIND OF CRIME—ROBBERY WITHOUT PAIN! AND SLAM AND SHORTY FOLLOW A TRAIL OF LAUGHING VICTIMS—TO PUT THE BITE ON THE ...

"MOLAR MOBSTERS!"



SLAM
BRADLEY
AND
SHORTY
MORGAN:
THE LONG
AND SHORT
OF
MANHATTAN
CRIME-
BUSTING,
TAKE
TIME OUT
FOR
LUNCH...

CRUNCH!
SNAP!

YOU SOUND
LIKE A
SQUIRREL,
SQUIRT!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE ...

WOW! A STICK-UP!
COME ON, RUNT!

WHERE?



DETECTIVE COMICS



THE DAUNTLESS DETECTIVES ARRIVE—BUT TOO LATE!



THIS ROBBERS—
AIN'T NO O-HO-HO-
LAUGHING TOOK PAY-
MATTER!
ROLL—\$20,000—
A HOLDUP—HA, HA, HA!

I GET IT! IT WAS LAUGHING GAS THEY SHOT FROM THOSE GUNS! THE CROOKS WORE MASKS TO KEEP FROM INHALING IT!

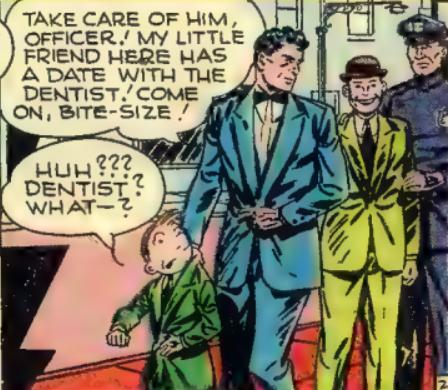


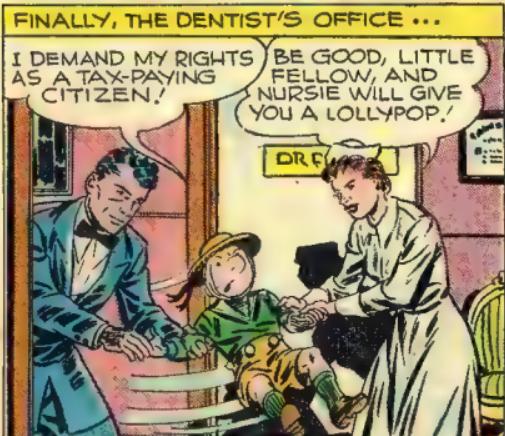
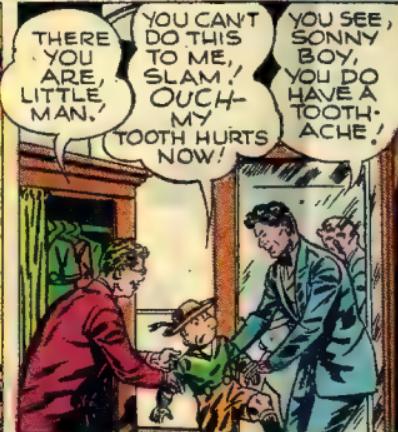
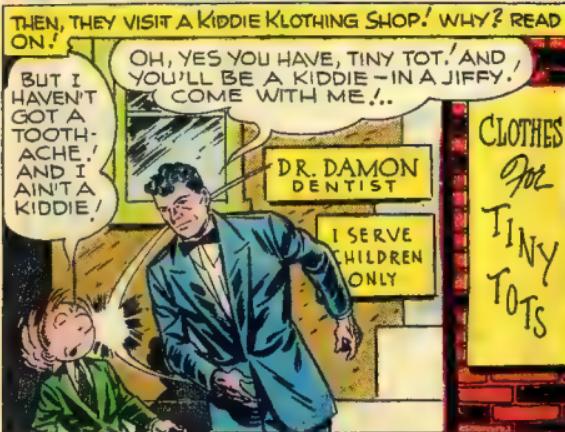
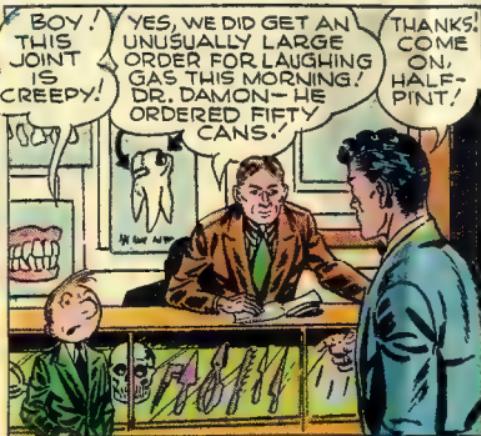
THE COP ON THE BEAT ARRIVES—



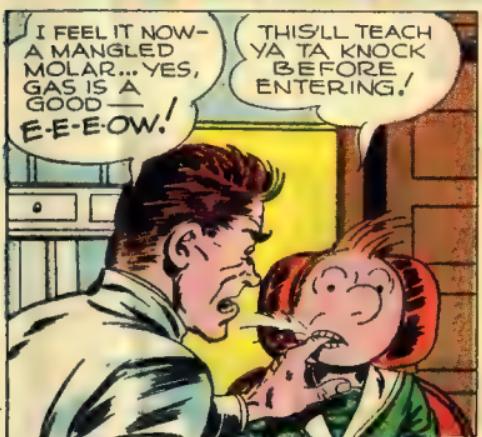
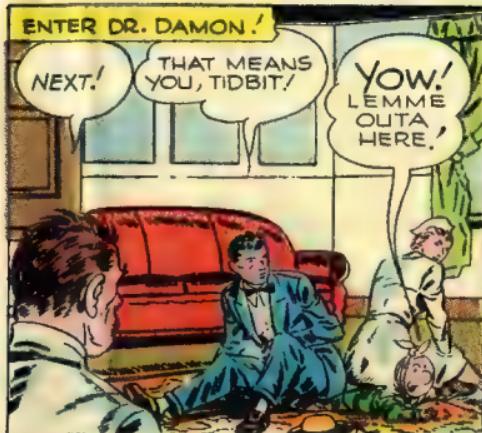
THEN SLAM GETS AN IDEA!

TAKE CARE OF HIM, OFFICER! MY LITTLE FRIEND HERE HAS A DATE WITH THE DENTIST! COME ON, BITE-SIZE!





DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

THEN, THE "DENTIST" SMELLS A RAT!

OO-O-OH!
NOBODY
WILL LOVE
ME WHEN
I'M TOOTH-
LESS!

HEY!
YOU!
WHADD'A
YA T'INK
YER DOIN'?

LOOKING FOR
A LAUGH—
AND I FOUND
IT!

AND SLAM'S SUSPICION IS VERIFIED!

A COP,
EH?

LOOK OUT, SLAM!

BUT REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE FOR THE ENEMY....

DON'T COUNT
YOUR DENTAL
BRIDGES BEFORE
THEY'RE CROSSED,
PAL!

UGH!

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?
HEY! IT'S DE GUYS
DAT BUTTED IN ON
OUR STICK-UP DIS
MORNIN'!

TAKE THAT,
WISE GUY!

LOOK AFTER DE
BOSS—DE LITTLE
PUNK MUSTA
HOIT 'IM!

DAT'LL HOLD 'EM!
LEAVE OL' DOC DAMON
HERE WID DE TWO
SNOOPERS! WE'LL
TAKE CARE O' ALL
TREE LATER!

YEH, AFTER WE
PULL DAT OTHER
LITTLE JOB!

WITH THE RETURN OF CONSCIOUSNESS...

HEY—
WE GOT
COMPANY!
WHO'S
THIS?

I'M THE REAL DR. DAMON!
THOSE CROOKS
TIED ME UP AND
TOOK OVER
MY OFFICE!
WE'D BETTER TRY
TO BREAK OUT
OF HERE BEFORE
THEY GET BACK!



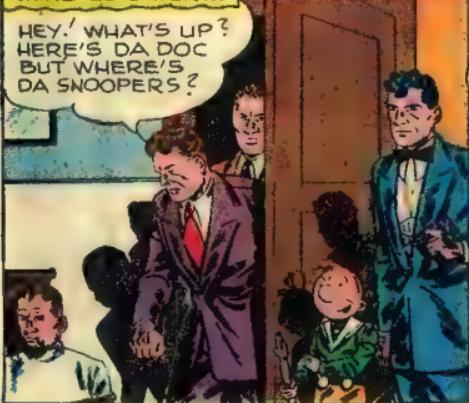
SLAM GETS ANOTHER IDEA—AND SHORTY TREMBLES!



SLAM APPLIES DRILL TO ROPE, AND...



MINUTES LATER...

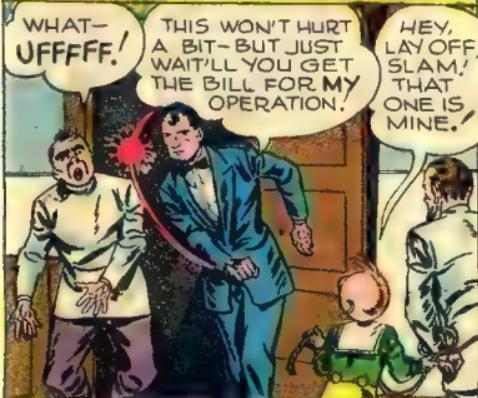


THEN THE DOOR CLOSES, AND...





SUDDENLY, THE GANG CHIEF ENTERS...



AND THE LAW GETS THE LAST LAUGH...



AS SHORTY BECOMES A "MAN" AGAIN...



IT'S ON ME, LITTLE MAN! YOU RATE A TREAT AFTER ALL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH!

HERE'S A FACT MAGAZINE WITH SUPERMAN PUNCH!

**WOW! REAL FACT
COMICS IS REALLY
DIFFERENT! IT'S
LOADED WITH ACTION!**

THE SAME KIND OF
SPEEDY ADVENTURE
YOU GET WITH
BATMAN AND ROBIN!



ASK FOR IT
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
TODAY!

**GOSH!
I WISH I
COULD READ!**

THREE-RING BINKS

HI-YA, PAL BINKS — I'M KNOWN AS THE SHADOW THAT MAKES YOU SHUDDER— WITH MY LI'L OL' SHADOWSTROPIC MACHINE, I CAN MAKE MY OWN PERSONAL SHADOW DO EVERYTHING BUT ANSWER QUESTIONS. WANNA SEE MY SHADOW STRUT?

PLEASE SHOOSH AND SHUTTUP—AND THEN LEMME TELL YOU WHY I'M OFF YOU SHADOW ARTISTS FOR LIFE—LISTEN...

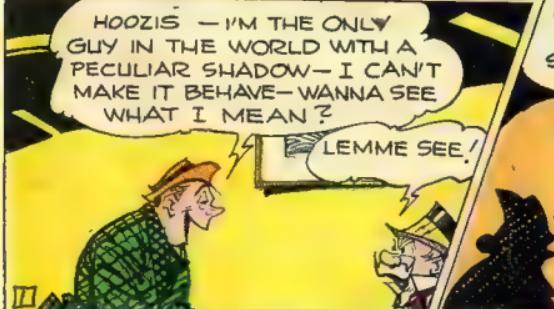


"SOME THURTY ODD YEARS AGO, A LONELY-LOOKING SORT OF STRANGER WALKS ONTO MY CARNIVAL LOT AND ADMITS THAT HE'S —"

HOOZIS — I'M THE ONLY GUY IN THE WORLD WITH A PECULIAR SHADOW — I CAN'T MAKE IT BEHAVE — WANNA SEE WHAT I MEAN?

LEMMEE SEE!

I CALL IT CHARLIE! — BUT BEYOND THAT IT'S OUTA CONTROL — I GO ONE PLACE, AND CHARLIE GOES WHEREVER HE PLEASES. STICK A LIGHT ON ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN! —



"—I IMMEDIATELY FLASHED AN 1800 WATT BULB (WHICH I ALWAYS CARRIED IN MY UPPER VEST POCKET) AND MY NEW FOUND FRIEND IMMEDIATELY PUT 'CHARLIE' TO WORK—"



"WELL, BUD, I'M NOT KIDDING YOU—THAT SHADOW WENT ALL OVER THE PLACE—WHEREVER HOOZIZ COMMANDED IT TO GO!—"



"—I SAW WHAT AN ACT I HAD IN A FLASH, AND BILLED HIM AS 'HOOZIZ AND HIS SHADOW'— I PUT HIM IN THE NEXT SHOW— AND HE WAS A RIOT!!!"

"—HE CHASED THAT SHADOW OF HIS UP, DOWN, AROUND, AND OVER AGAIN—SEEMED LIKE HE HAD SOME SORT OF PSYCHIC-CONTROL OF THE CRITTER. IT JUST BOUNCED WHEREVER HE BECKONED!—"



" THEN ONE SHOW, WE WERE PLAYING IN MILWAUKEE—OR WAS IT MINNETONKA, OR MANITOBA? THE SHADOW GOT OUT O' HAND."

"HOOZIZ WENT GROPIN' FOR FOUR NIGHTS AN' DAYS, AND FINALLY FOUND IT—CAUGHT BETWEEN TRAFFIC LIGHTS, IN DOWNTOWN CHICAGO!"





"TO SAY THAT HE WAS FURIOUS AIN'T THE HALF OF IT—HOW DO Y' THINK WE FELT?—I HAD TO PAY BACK ALMOST \$22,568.25 IN REFUND TICKET PURCHASES. (WHO'S GOT ANY ASPIRIN?)"

MORE DISCONTENTED CUSTOMERS,
BOSS— 1246 OF 'EM!!

SHADDUP!

"THEN THINGS GOT DEFINITELY WORSE—HOOZIZ'S SHADOW STARTED SHADOWING SHADOWS AND BROUGHT THEM BACK WITH IT—WE COULDN'T GO ON WITH THE SHOW!"

C'MON, CHUMS—LET'S RAID THE LUNCH WAGON!

"FINALLY I TALKED IT OVER WITH 'HOOZIZ' AND HIS SHADOW—THEY EITHER STUCK TOGETHER OR ELSE. THEN THE SHADOW SAID—"

OR ELSE—SUITS ME BETTER. SO FOR YOU TWO—SO LONG!

"Y' MEAN, HIS SHADOW WALKED OUT ON HOOZIZ LIKE THAT? WHAT'S THE POOR FELLOW DOIN' NOW?"

WHY, BETTERN EVER I HEAR, BETTERN EVER!

WRONG NUMBER!

"HE STARTED HIS OWN SHOW—THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD UNDER FIVE THOUSAND ARC LAMPS WITHOUT A SHADOW—AND HE'S CLEANED UP A FORTUNE—HE—"

HEH-HEH-HEH-BUD!
WHERE Y' HEADIN'?

TAKE A KEEN LOOK FROM EVERY ANGLE, FOLKS—I'M THE ONLY LIVING MORTAL IN THE WORLD WITHOUT AN INCH OF SHADOW!

OW-WAH! I'M HEADIN' OUTA HERE
T'GET MY SHADOW PHOTOGRAPHED, AND
AN ANCHOR!!

DAFFY & DOODLE



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS IN THE GROOVE, TOO!

I ASKED PEE-WEE FOR THE "FRANKS" AND HE SAID, "YOU'RE WELCOME." HA-HA!

DUBBLE BUBLE GUM MAKES BIGGER AND BETTER BUBBLES!

YEAH... IT'S A BIG, BIG PIECE WRAPPED IN FUNNIES!

ONLY TWO KINDS OF KIDS LIKE DUBBLE BUBLE... BOYS AND GIRLS!

HEY, DIZZY, GET SOME WATER QUICK... OUR CAMP FIRE IS BURNING!

IT'S FUNNY HOW MUCH YOU GET FOR A PENNY... ISN'T IT BENNY?

HOT DOG, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT BUBBLE!

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBLE

A GAME OF CHECKERS

by Randolph Allen

STEVE PAVLICI stopped and listened to the steady rain beating on the roof of the huge warehouse. He had been nightwatchman since the building was completed a year before the war. Now the war was over and nothing more vital than a large shipment of nylons which had arrived yesterday was stored there.

The warehouse, usually lonely and full of echoes, seemed comfortable and dry in tonight's heavy rain as Steve moved on to complete his second round of the night and get back to the office in time to receive his routine nightly call from Police Headquarters. This month the warehouse beat was covered by his friend, young Johnny Burke. Steve hoped Johnny could come by for checkers tonight as he frequently did when on night duty.

"I must be getting old," thought Steve as, finished with his rounds, he approached the dusty little office. "I don't remember leaving that office light on."

A sixth sense seemed to tell him something was wrong but he couldn't quite shake off the relaxed cheerful feeling resulting from anticipation of the checker game.

"All right, get in there and keep quiet," growled a rough voice from the shadows just outside the door.

Startled, Steve half turned toward the voice, when he felt something thrust roughly into his ribs as a hand removed the gun from his shoulder holster. He was half pushed into the lighted office. His heart pounded faster as his mind raced over recent shipments stored in the warehouse and remembered with relief that the war was over.

Then he suddenly remembered the nylons awaiting distribution tomorrow to the big department stores in the city. "Worth thousands of dollars," the warehouse manager had said that afternoon when Steve came to work, "and wouldn't the black market operators like to lay their hands on these?"

"Sit down there in the swivel chair," sneered the rough voice. "You can pretend you're president of the company tonight. But," the voice got rougher, "one crooked move and you become ex-president."

Steve sat down and his eyes stared up into the barrel of an automatic, then moved on up to a pair of beady eyes set close together in a round swarthy face with a mean piggish expression. The gunman stepped back towards the door, water falling from his rain-soaked hat and coat.

"Okay, Joe," he called out "Get the trucks in, but be sure they leave their lights off!"

"All set, Lucky," answered a voice near the sliding doors of the truck entrance.

As Steve heard the doors sliding up in response to the electric button inside the warehouse he was reminded of the burglar alarm under the desk just a few inches from his right foot. Hope surged through him. A chance! If only he could reach the alarm unnoticed. He leaned back slowly in the swivel chair, pretending to relax. As the chair creaked, Lucky grinned and looked toward the corner of the office. Steve's eyes followed the same path and rested on the little pool of water left there as Lucky had knelt to cut the alarm wires now sticking out stiffly from the wall. Hope drained out of Steve.

The beady eyes hardened as Lucky licked his lips and said: "You ought to thank me for fouling that alarm because it saved two lives—yours and the first cop that would have come to answer it." He settled back and grinned again.

When Steve heard the hum of the motors as they came into the warehouse, he realized he was up against big-time racketeers. The motors were those of the big trucks used for hauling freight, and each one made a sudden flat-sounding roar as it came through the truck entrance. He counted five.

Suddenly he remembered that Johnny's call was overdue. What if Johnny decided to drop in unannounced? He glanced at the clock on the desk. As he heard the grunts of the men and the scraping of the boxes punctuated by a curt voice giving orders, he feared that cheerful Johnny Burke would walk in expecting a friendly game of checkers only to meet sudden death instead.

He tensed as he heard the clanging outside in the warehouse. Lucky sprang across the room and

savagely shoved the gun into Steve's ribs.

"What was that?" he snapped.

"The telephone," said Steve; a gleam coming into his eyes. "They have a large bell out in the warehouse so I can hear it if I'm making my rounds—I switch it over every night when I come in."

"All right, answer it." Suspicion still showed in Lucky's eyes. "I'm going to listen in on this extension—one word out of line and I'll make a nice neat hole right between your eyes."

Steve knew he meant it. He turned to answer the phone. As he lifted the receiver, Lucky picked up the receiver on the extension telephone across the room on the stenographer's desk.

"Hello," said Steve.

"Hello, Steve?" said Johnny Burke's voice at the other end of the wire.

Relief flooded over Steve. He glanced at Lucky who waved his gun menacingly and nodded toward the telephone.

"Well, who did you think it would be—the governor?" said Steve.

"Listen, Steve, I called to tell you I can't give you your usual drubbing tonight. I have to patrol the area around Judge Robinson's house. He's received a letter threatening harm to his kid if he doesn't cough up ten thousand dollars—keep it under your hat, though—he doesn't want it known that the police are on the case for fear the extortions will hear it and carry out their threats."

Steve's face was now turned so that Lucky could not see the twinkle in his eyes as he replied:

"Well, you'd better hop out there right away Johnny, for the news is already out. I read all about it in my brother's paper tonight. Some reporter fellow even had it doped out that judging by the handwriting and spelling in the letter the whole thing was a prank by some kid. You ought to read the newspapers more—and if you can't catch criminals with a lead like that, I bet you never beat me in another game of checkers."

Amazement was in Johnny's voice. "You read it in your brother's—"

"Yep, I know you thought nobody knew about it," interrupted Steve, "but secrets do leak out, don't they? Well, goodbye, Johnny. If you catch them, I'll probably be reading about *you* in the paper." And with that he hung up.

Lucky softly put down his receiver and relaxed a little.

"Now you're beginning to show a little more sense than you did when you tried to reach that alarm. Who was your boy friend? A cop?"

Sieve seemed relaxed and a little friendlier too.

"Yep, one of the boys, I play checkers with sometimes."

"Checkers, eh? I used to be pretty good at that game."

"Lots of people think they're pretty good who don't know the first thing about it," said Steve.

"Oh, yeah? Set up the board and I'll show you! Besides, it'll help kill time."

Steve pulled Lucky's chair around facing his chair at the desk. As Lucky settled down, Steve placed the checkers on the board and Lucky made the first move. For a few minutes, nothing was heard except an occasional grunt as one or the other lost a man. Lucky was completely relaxed now and enjoying the game. As he jumped another of Steve's men, Steve glanced up at the doorway behind Lucky. Lucky, intent on the game, did not see the glance but jerked forward when Steve clumsily upset the board scattering checkers over the floor.

"Why, you clumsy—" began Lucky.

"Shut up and get your hands up," came from behind him and a gun was rammed between his shoulder blades. The puzzled look in his eyes turned to a savage look as he glanced over his shoulder and saw the big blue-uniformed figure behind him.

"How—" he began and turned to look at a chuckling Steve, still holding the checkerboard in one hand.

"An old checker player like Steve can outwit guys like you any time," said Johnny. "He told me about it when I called him tonight."

"But I listened to the conversation," protested Lucky. "He only mentioned a newspaper story and giving you a lead on some extortions."

"The lead was on another kind of criminal—you and your gang now on their way to jail. The rain made so much noise we sneaked in and caught them without firing a single shot. You see," said Johnny, gazing fondly at Steve, "when he told me that business about the newspaper story I knew something was wrong, for although he is a great checker player, Steve can't read Czech, and that's the language the newspaper his brother reads is printed in! His brother's only been in this country a year, and doesn't read our native papers yet!"

The
I.T.

THE B.O.Y. COMMANDOS

"BROOKLYN WANTS A KINGDOM!"



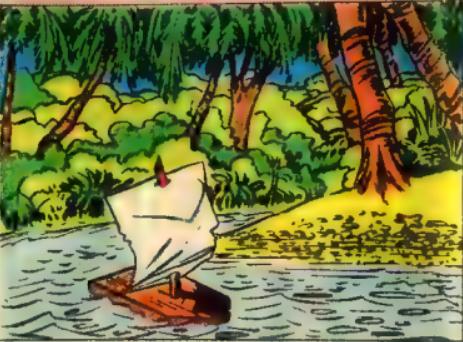
MEN HAVE RISKED THEIR LIVES FOR CROWNS AND KINGDOMS—BUT KING KEEVER OF KALI WOULD HAVE SACRIFICED THE FINEST SET OF WHISKERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC TO GET RID OF HIS! ALL OF WHICH ADDS UP TO THE ODDEST INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT THE PAGES OF HISTORY HAVE PRODUCED—AND RIP CARTER AND HIS YOUNG DAREDEVILS OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE HAVE A HAIR-RAISING ESCAPE FROM THE HORRIBLE FATE OF BEING MADE MONARCHS THEMSELVES!



UNTRROUBLED BY THE WORLD, WHICH IT HAS NEVER TROUBLED, THE TINY ISLE OF KALI BASKS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC SUNSHINE ...



AND KALI MIGHT HAVE REMAINED UNKNOWN TO THIS DAY, BUT FOR THE LAUNCHING OF A FRAGILE BUT FATE-LADEN BARK ...



DAYS LATER, AND LEAGUES AWAY...



WE'LL PICK IT UP, CAP'N, TO MAKE SURE!

SOME DAYS LATER...

HERE'S KALI-OFF THE SHIP LANES, THE SIZE OF A PIN-POINT! IT'S NOT WORTH BOTHERING ABOUT!

POLITICAL TROUBLES THERE MIGHT SPREAD TO NEARBY ISLANDS ON THE TRADE ROUTES. I THINK WE'D BETTER SEND THIS ON TO THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE.

MIGHTY STRANGE! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

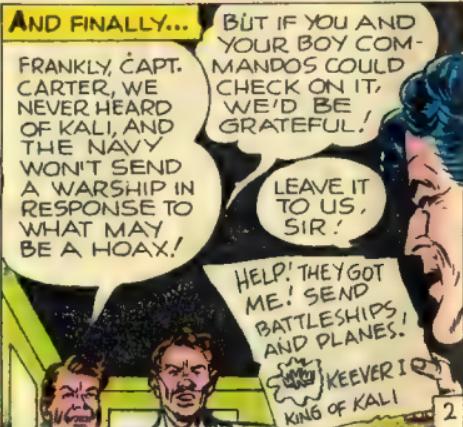


BUT IF YOU AND YOUR BOY COMMANDOS COULD CHECK ON IT, WE'D BE GRATEFUL!

FRANKLY, CAPT. CARTER, WE NEVER HEARD OF KALI, AND THE NAVY WON'T SEND A WARSHIP IN RESPONSE TO WHAT MAY BE A HOAX!

LEAVE IT TO US, SIR!

HELP! THEY GOT ME! SEND BATTLESHIPS, AND PLANES!
KEEVER I KING OF KALI





TIME ROLLS ON - AND COMES
ANOTHER MORNING ...

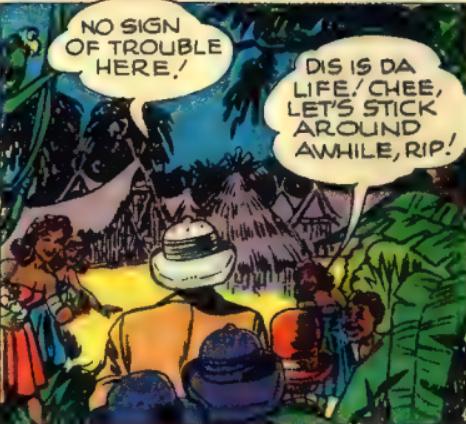
WE'LL LAY OFF
HERE, OUT OF
SIGHT! SIGNAL
BY RADIO OR
ROCKET IF
YOU NEED
HELP!

THANKS;
COMMANDER!

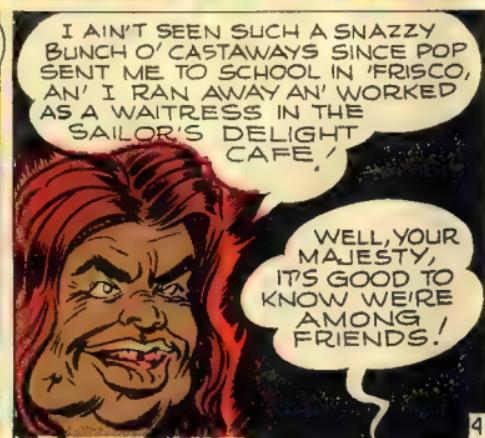
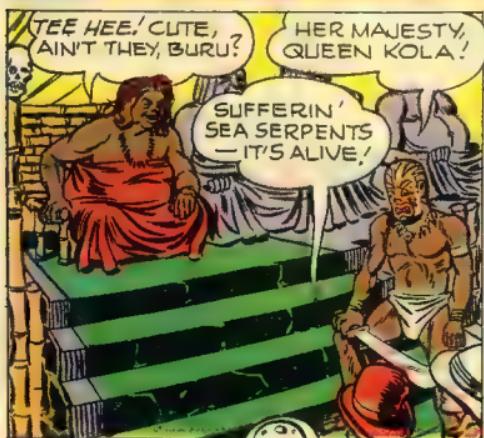
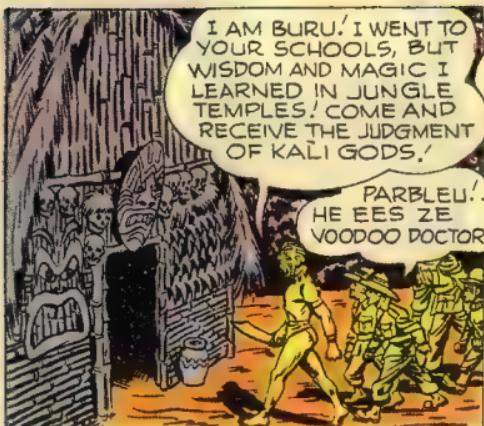
THERE IT
IS, FELLAS -
THE ISLAND
OF KALI!

HEY - WOT
H'IF THEY'RE
CANNIBALS?

IF DEY ARE,
DEY OUGHTA
TREAT DA REST
OF US SWELL
FOR BRINGIN'
'EM A FAT, JUICY
MOUTFUL LIKE
YOU, ALFY!



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



SOMETIMES I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE NO ROYAL BLOOD, SO I COULD GO BACK TO 'FRISCO! HOW I MISS THE MOVIES! DO TELL ME ABOUT THE NEW ONES!

SISTER, I AIN'T MISSED A PITCHER SINCE I WAS A PUP!

WE'RE H'LL CINEMA FANS, MA'AM!

YOU MUST STAY HERE, I'LL MAKE YOU DUKES AND YOU CAN TAKE LIFE EASY!

I'M SORRY, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT WE ARE UNDER ORDERS, AND MUST RETURN TO AMERICA!

YOUR EXALTED OMNIPOTENCE SHOULD KNOW OF THESE ORDERS!

YEAH! I AIN'T SO INT'RESTED IN AFFAIRS O' STATE, BUT GO AHEAD - SPILL THE INFO!

WE HAVE COME IN RESPONSE TO A PLEA FOR HELP!

IS SOMEBODY NAMED KING KEEVER IN A JAM HERE?

E WROTE A NOTE SAYIN' HE'S BEING HELD!

HA! I'LL FIX HIM!

SO HE MANAGED TO SMUGGLE OUT A NOTE!

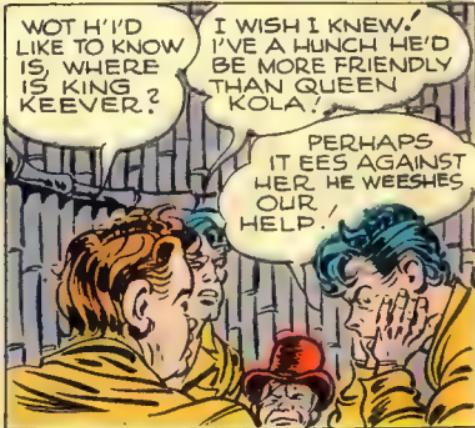
SO KEEVER WANTS TO SCRAM— AFTER ALL I DID FOR HIM! AND YOU'RE HERE TO HELP HIM, YOU — YOU APES!

BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW—

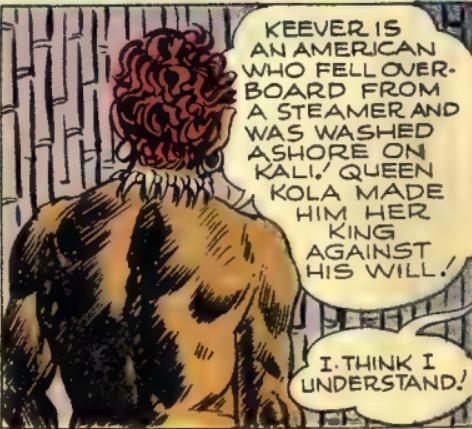
TOSS 'EM IN THE KLINK WHILE I DECIDE WHETHER TO BOIL 'EM IN OIL OR SKIN 'EM ALIVE!

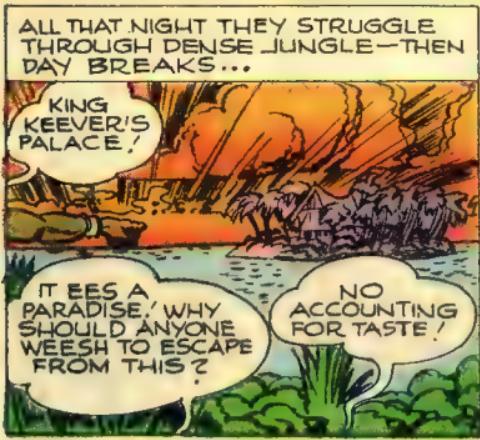
YOU ARE WISE, YOUR MAJESTY!

WAIT, LET ME EXPLAIN!



DETECTIVE COMICS





AND HERE IS HIS MAJESTY,
KING KEEVER I, MONARCH OF KALI!



KEEVER
LIKE COCONUT
CANDY - YES?
NAW!
JUST SING
DE'BARBARY
COAST BLUES
AGAIN!



WHAT!
BY THE
BEARD O'
MY GRAND-
FATHER'S
BILLYGOAT,
'TIS THE
NAVY COME TO
RESCUE ME!



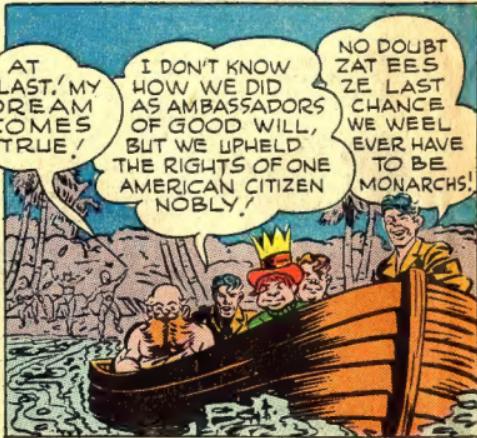
PIPE DA WHISKERS!





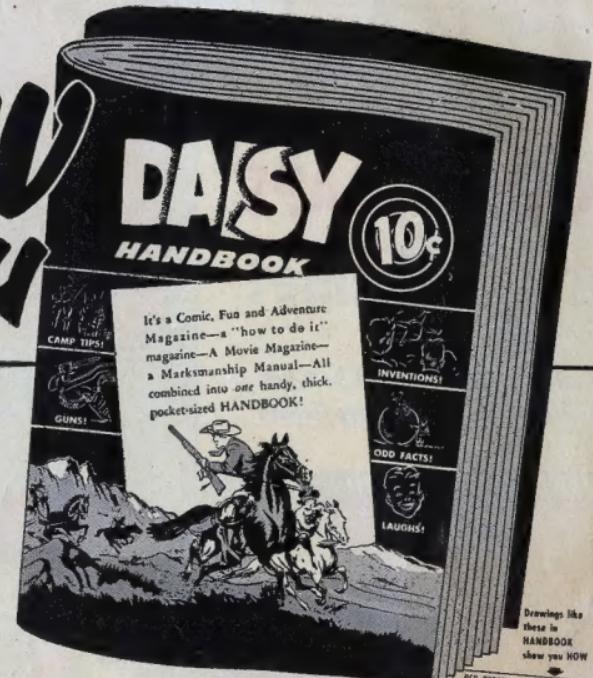
DETECTIVE COMICS





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READY at your dealer's—the unique, exciting, amazing Daisy HANDBOOK—something entirely new! It's a comic magazine—a popular science and mechanics magazine—a fun magazine—an adventure magazine—a "how to do it" magazine—a movie magazine—a marksmanship manual—a Daisy Air Rifle Catalog—all combined into ONE handy, thick, pocket-sized HANDBOOK! Also included is a TARGET IDEAS CONTEST offering air rifles for prizes! Now read thru the articles and features listed on the cover of this great new HANDBOOK. Then go to your nearest hardware, sports goods



or department store and get your own copy for only 10c. A limited supply, so hurry. Remember—it costs you only one thin dime at dealers

—or rush dime and 3c stamp with Coupon direct to Daisy. We'll send your postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money will be refunded.

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Until manufacturer of Air Rifles and Bullseye Shot catches up with demand—you may not find any at your dealers. Our loyal dealers get just a few at a time—but we're working hard to help you. Your dealer HAS the amazing new Daisy HANDBOOK and hopes you will stop in, buy one—and learn all about rifle care and use. Your HANDBOOK will help DICE-TRAIN you to be THE BEST shot in your crowd when you DO get your Daisy!



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DAISY AIR RIFLES

5¢

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 509 UNION ST., DEPT. 6, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

DAISY MFG. CO., 509 Union St., Dept. 6, Plymouth, Michigan
Send copies of the new Daisy HANDBOOK for which
I enclose one thin dime (10c) plus a 3c stamp for EACH
copy ordered. (A TIP: Many boys are ordering an extra
copy for the Girl Friend.)

Name.....

Street & No.

City.....

State.....

Please Check: I am a BOY, Age... or GIRL, Age...

How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" in your home!

What you can't see CAN hurt you
—says the National Safety Council



1 About 5,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—33,500 fatally! Largest single cause: falling. A roller skate on a dark staircase; shin-catching obstructions; slippery objects: these can be lethal "booby traps." To avoid them, carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas.



2 Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Linoleum or carpeting should be tacked down firmly. In attic or basement, pack all loose objects in noninflammable boxes stored against the walls. Don't rely on your knowledge of where obstacles are located—the next person may not know.



3 Know in advance where your fuse box, main water and gas valves, etc., are located; be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure loose wires are so placed that you won't trip over them.

4 Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

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TRADE-MARK



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POWER,
EXTRA LIFE
—AT NO
EXTRA COST

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



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